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Congo News Letter

APRIL 1940

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A SAMPLE OF PROTESTANT MISSION UNITY

In the pioneer days of Protestant missions in the Lower Congo progress beyond Matadi was slow, owing to such natural difficulties as cataracts on the Congo River, and hills and rivers to be traversed over the old caravan trail. Added to this was the hostility between tribes and often between neighboring villages. It took about four years from the time the first missionaries of the B.M.S. and L.I.M. entered Congo before these missions arrived at Stanley Pool. So mission stations on the Lower Congo were placed comparatively close together.

The Livingstone Inland Mission, which was the forerunner of three missions working now in Congo — A.B.F.M.S., S.M.F. and C.B.M. — had stations at Matadi, Palabala, Banza Manteke, Lukunga and Mukimbungu. When the American Baptists took over the work of the L.I.M. most of the missionaries agreed to continue with the new Society. Amongst the number were some missionaries from Sweden who had come out with the understanding that before many years passed they would have their own Mission. When that time arrived Mukimbungu was granted to the S.M.F. as their first station. At this station Mr. Westlind, one of the linguistic pioneers from Sweden, labored indefatigably until he had completed the translation of the New Testament into Kikongo. He had as fellow missionaries Joseph Clark, Peter Frederickson and others.

As time went on and the great interior was opened up, it was seen that they could not hope to staff stations so close together as those mentioned when the need was so great elsewhere. The Swedish Mission extended its work to the north and north-east in Belgian Congo, and then into the French Congo; while the American Baptists went eastward towards Sona Bata and the Kwango. But these newer stations are sometimes from eighty to one hundred and fifty miles apart. To secure staffing for the new fields the A.B.F.M.S. had to amalgamate the three stations, Palabala, Banza Manteke and Lukunga, into the one known as Banza Manteke.

Apart from Matadi the S.M.F had only one station on the south bank of the Congo River, Mukimbungu. The part of the field south of the Congo worked from this station was a small area with some 600 or 700 Christians. Each time missionaries went from Banza Manteke to Lukunga they traversed a part of this field.

On the other hand the A.B.F.M.S. had two areas on the north bank of the Congo, work begun many years ago, but as the S.M.F. went northward and north-east the people were much nearer S.M.F. stations than Banza Manteke. It has been evident for a number of years that in the interests of the unity of our Protestant work there should be an interchange of territory. At the time of the 1928 Jubilee Conference, representatives of the two missions met to consider such a transfer, but though most of the missionaries were agreed it should take place it required the intervening years to bring missionaries and Christian natives of both missions into a readiness of mind for the transfer.

There were good reasons for holding back on both sides. Mukimbungu, as the starting point of their Congo work, with its row of graves marking the sacrificial

efforts of the pioneers, has been enshrined in the affections of the S.M.F. missionaries and of their loyal supporters at home. It has an historic significance that makes it hard for the Mission to relinquish it.

Although the A.B.F.M.S. has no station on the North Bank in the areas they are giving to the S.M.F.; yet to their missionaries the transfer has not been an easy matter for it means giving up over two thousand of their best Christians. The very fact of their isolation from the mission station may have helped in the development of self-reliance and initiative that has made this section a fine example to the rest of the Banza Manteke field. Much of the best material for the Boarding School and for Christian leadership has come from this section.

After the missionaries were convinced that the transfer should be made, it took some years of training before the Christian constituencies could be brought to the same viewpoint. In the light of our co-operation as sister missions and of the unity of our people in the Church of Christ in Congo, it would be inconsistent to preserve the boundaries as they were; so in January 1940 missionaries and Christian natives from both missions gathered, first on the North Bank, and then at Mukimbungu, to make known their willingness that an interchange of territory should take place. It is now an established fact because the unity in Christ and His Kingdom makes us work together in a wonderful fellowship.

The missionaries present at Ndandanga on the North Bank were Messrs. Berg and Vikterlof representing the S.M.F. and Messrs. Geil and MacDiarmid for the A.B.F.M.S. At Mukimbungu were Mr. Berg, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Dr. Mattson, Mrs. Rheinoldson and Mr. Lundberg of the S.M.F.; Messrs. Geil and MacDiarmid, Dr. Freas and Miss Ehnbom of the A.B.F.M.S.

There is a unity that is stronger, more abiding than organic unity; it is the unity of the spirit: "Do not take account of your own interests, but of the interests of others as well. Have the same attitude that Christ Jesus had." Phil. 2:4,5 (Goodspeed translation).

P.A. MacDiarmid

"THAT ALL MAY BE ONE"

The Mbonga church in the Kikongo field is a very interesting study in tribal co-operation. The church field lies between the Wamba and the Inzia rivers, extending north to a line from the mouth of the Inzia to the Wamba a few miles above the juncture of the Wamba and the Kwango. South we have as yet no limit. A new work has been started in the Bampelende country at Kobo, but no division has yet been marked out as a dividing line between the Kobo and Mbonga churches. This field is just about evenly divided between two administrative territories and between two medal chiefs. Kikongo station is in the Banningville territory, but a good share of our work is in the Bayaka territory to the south. Pelende chefferie and Koba village are in the Bayaka territory. A third medal chief has a small block of land over near the Inzia, but within the Mbonga church field. The people inhabiting this field are a grand mixture of seven tribes, each with their own dialect. The ruling tribes are the Bahumbu to the north, the Bayaka to the south and the Bayanzi to the east.

Under these three medal chiefs, and paying rent for the use of the land, we have Bambala, Bahungana, Bangongo and a few Batsamba villages. As is usually the case, the greatest response to the Gospel has been made by the less privileged people. The most degraded of the whole lot are the Bahumbu, the most difficult to get along with

are the Bayaka and the best workers are from the Bambala. The original Christian village in this area was on the west side of the Wamba, but the story was soon carried across. The Bambala, and probably every other tribe, have large family groups inside the tribe. We have whole groups of villages called Kingulu with a differentiating suffix. All these are one family. Of course the members of the family on the west side of the river went immediately to their relatives on the other side. So the story spread. A Bakongo pastor was in charge of the work and he was quite incapable of meeting the demands of the occasion. The work spread away beyond his ability to care for it and so the demand was created for a new station — Kikongo.

Because the work spread so rapidly it was weak in depth, both spiritually and in personnel. The Mbonga church is by far the largest of any of our native churches out here. Village teachers who were not at all prepared to undertake the work were placed and they wrought according to their ability. Of course we reaped the harvest later. Following the first great spread, we had a time of recession and it was a difficult time. However, that is mostly in the past and the Mbonga church is facing the future with courage and some enthusiasm.

During 1937 we had a meeting on the station of the native leaders of our churches and we faced the practical difficulties of church finance. Up to that time the financial problems had been turned over to the white men as being far beyond the feeble capacity of the native clergy. However, the white man resigned as paymaster and consternation reigned. It was decided to invite help from both Vanga and Sona Bata. Vanga sent a pastor and a deacon over for an itinerary and the results astonished the local men. Christians were strengthened, backsliders

were revived, gifts increased greatly, old disputes were settled without recourse to the native tribunal. Inquirers signed up in large numbers and the whole church took on new life. The visit ended on a note of praise and thanksgiving.

Vanga then gave one of her best men to take the pastorate of the Mbonga church. This man, Thomas Ngumina, has accomplished more in one year than all the rest of our pastors put together. Because of the low spiritual condition of our native churches, we have baptized very few new members the past two years. But in all other lines the accomplishment has been great. At Mbonga village itself there has been put up a new church seating about nine hundred people, a house for the white people, another for the pastor and five large buildings for the people to sleep in when they come in for church meetings. Abandoned villages have been reoccupied, village teachers encouraged and new ones placed, collections have reached a record for that church, new village school houses are going up and the church school is now being re-organized and new buildings are soon to be built.

I spent the month of October visiting the villages of that church. We have fifty-six teachers there and many other villages not occupied. We visited them all, held meetings, inspected schools, revised and corrected church rolls, examined inquirers, laid out sites for new buildings, received offerings and exhorted the brethren. We often started before daylight and got into our resting place after dark, but we slighted no one. The reason for the success of such a pastor is no secret. He has great ability and real ambition. He is not afraid of physical effort and he can organize his work better than any other native pastor I have worked with. Above all, he spends time apart with God. His weakness is pride. He tends to be overbearing

and impatient with his people. He is also carrying on a long distance dispute with one of the Vanga pastors and that is affecting his work adversely. However, I have hopes that these hindrances can be cleared away and that he will go forward with an untroubled heart to new victories.

As the church is so spread out, he has picked one village in each of the four quarters of the field to be a central village for that section. There he meets with the teachers from that section and takes up the problems of the growing church. I suppose that in time these will develop into communion centers and probaby regional school centers as well. Ngumina took it upon himself to guarantee the village teachers a higher wage than our churches have ever paid. He buys all the materials for the village schools and gives help to old women who have been abandoned by their own people. He has all bills paid and a cash balance of several thousand francs on hand. He is investigating the possibility of starting the construction of a brick church. If nothing happens, we should soon have a permanent building and, I think, a permanently established spiritual church in that field.

Here in this place of mixed tribes and languages we see a Christian church developing. Started first by family ties among the Bambala, set forward by a Mukongo, village sites granted by Bahumbu and Bayaka, Bayanzi villages taught by Bahungana boys, and now the work being consolidated by a pastor of Bayanzi and Bambala parentage coming from another section entirely. And on any communion Sunday we see representatives of all the tribes forgetting their old ways, old customs, old animosities, and as one people bowing their heads as the pastor lifts up the cup and says: "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many."

B. W. Armstrong

WHAT MUST I DO?

This is the question we faced today in our daily morning station worship. The question is one of long standing and of great significance. It is fraught with great consequence either for good or for evil. In the midst of doubts, perplexities and tremendous problems it is comforting to know that some natives are facing the question, seriously and prayerfully, and are finding God's way of life for themselves and for others.

Those of us who itinerated and participated in special meetings during the past dry season were pleased to note an increasing interest, seriousness and prayerfulness on the part of leading members of the church. These special meetings are now called in the Banza Manteke field "kintwadi" (fellowship) meetings and have to do with the fellowship which we have, or should have, with each other and with Christ in His word and work and church. Careful, prolonged and united consideration is given to problems confronting the Master's work and the question, "What must I (or we) do?" is ever before us. It is only in recent years that we have been able to get groups of people in the church to face seriously these questions and problems. When problems appeared in the way "they passed by on the other side," or else tried to introduce some controversial subject which was of little or no value, although of interest to some, especially to those who were following "afar off".

In a recent committee meeting which was held at Kimpese it was decided to try and arrange, at an early date, a meeting of representatives from the four protestant missions working in the Lower congo. The object of the meeting is to find out, if possible, why the best young men who graduate from our station schools do not find their

way into the Kimpese school and into the Master's work, either as teachers or preachers. Many who do find their way into the school at Kimpese and into the Master's work do not regard it as a life work and after a few years are quite content to leave it. This question if considered carefully and thoroughly will involve missionaries as well as school graduates and the native church and will lead on the part of all to a serious facing of the question "What must we do?" Along with this an attempt might be made to try and find out why we are getting on so slowly with our work for women and girls.

Some of the things which enter into a worthy consideration of this distrissing situation are well known. It is not so much information which is needed as to find a way in which we can unitedly and effectively act on the information which we have. It may be trite and common place to say it but it is undoubtedly true that the problem is a spiritual one. Until we can find a way of strengthening and deepening the spiritual life of the church, and especially that of the young people, we will be without any real solution to the problem.

It is no easy task for a young man who has spent eight or ten years in school, and in the meantime has arrived at a marriageable age, to take a job with the native church with only a pittance for a salary. It costs money in Congo to get married and establish a home and a standard of living which is generally recognized as being worthy of those who have been instructed in the ways of this world, as well as in the ways of the world to come. The statements often made by young people that the church has nothing to offer which is worthy of their training and ability and that they must of necessity seek other employment have something more than idle words and mere excuses in them. We cannot ignore these

statements and despise those who make them. While we recognize that there is truth in these statements we must at the same time recognize the fact that the native church gives little or no promise of ever providing attractive positions with good money payments. In some way or other these people must be brought to realize that the lack of preparation on the part of the church is simply a challenge to greater preparation on their part. They must also come to realize that labor in the Lord is not in vain and that the church affords great opportunities, with ample rewards in this life and in the life to come, to all those who yield themselves to God and in faith and love lay hold of His willingness and power and go forth in His name to do His will and work. If the brightest and best of our young people are going to wait until the church is fully prepared to receive and employ them they will never engage in the Lord's work as teachers and evangelists. They must not wait for opportunities but make opportunities and like John the Baptist be trail blazers and prepare the way of the Lord. That we are not entirely without young men of this type the following examples will show.

J.L. entered our station school as a boy and finished the course with credit. For a few years he assisted in the station school and then went on to Kimpese. When he finished Kimpese the church asked him to take work at Matadi Mantoyo, a village on the Portuguese border remote from the station. Just as he was ready to begin this work his father died, making it necessary for him to return to his village.

The father of J.L. was a cripple and a poor man with a large family. He learned how to read and write and became the head man in the little village, teacher of the village school and a pillar in the church. He lived up to the light he had, which was quite limited, and became

a great influence for good. Just before he died he said he wanted his son to take his place in the village and family. J.L. accepted this commission which was unworthy of his ability and training. Soon afterwards, because of much sickness and many deaths, the village dwindled down to a few houses with few people.

In the meantime a special need arose for J. in the station school. A missionary made a special visit to the town, and to the town of the chief of the district, in order to take up in person the question of his release. An agreement was reached with the chief of the district, people of the village and members of the family. In consequence J. returned to the station work and after engaging in it for several more years a call came for a teacher to help in the re-opening of the work in Leopoldville. J. seemed to both missionaries and native church to be the best man available for that work and was asked to go. After careful consideration J. and his wife agreed to go and have been in the work there ever since. During these years, and even while he was in the work of the station school, he felt the lure of money-paying positions which were easily within his reach. Time and again he gave evidence of his struggle with "What must I do?" Time and again he reported his intention of leaving the work but did not seem to be quite able to bring himself to the point of doing so. Near the end of last year he gave what seemed to be a final decision to leave the work at the end of the year. In support of his decision he said that he had several sisters and numerous relatives who were constantly making demands upon him for expensive cloth and other things which he could not afford to buy since he had a family of his own to support on a small salary and in a place where living is expensive. In further justification of himself he said that in taking a job which would give him

more pay and a better living for himself and family, and some money with which to aid his relatives, he was not going to sever his connections with the church. We were surprised but very happy to hear at the beginning of the new year that he had responded favorably to an appeal from his fellow missionary workers and was remaining in the work. The victory may not be final but there is more ground for hope than there has been before that he will give his life to what is commonly called the Lord's work.

J.V. is of kingly descent and in line for a chieftancy. As a small boy he entered the station school and finished at the head of his class. In fact he was one of the famous group of twenty-one boys who deliberately settled on the site of the New Banza Manteke station while it was yet jungle and built their own school building and dormitory in order that they might be in school. While in school the chief and other members of his family and tribe requested his release from school in order that he might enter at once on a special course of training provided by the government for those who expected, and gave evidence of qualifying for, the position of chief. The chief was old and feeble and the family was quite anxious to maintain the royal line unbroken. We persuaded them that since he was only a boy it would be better for him and them that he should first finish his course in the station school. By the time he finished his course he had lost his interest in the chieftancy and was ready to help meet a special need in the work of the station school. Every now and then throughout the five years he has been in the work he has indicated his struggle with the question, "What must I do?" He has been asked and urged to go to Kimpese for more training but has not done so and in all probability for the reason that he feared the obligations which it

would lay upon him to remain in the Lord's work.

Near the end of the last school year he also announced his decision to drop out of station and school work. When asked if God was calling him to do this, and was calling somebody else to take up the important and difficult work he was doing very creditably, he agreed to think and pray over the matter until the next day, at which time he came and announced his decision to remain. During the year he has given unusual evidence of being happy in his work. The old chief has died and the honors and traditions of the tribe and family have passed to another and J. continues under great difficulties to fill his place in the tribe and family of God.

J. N. and J. M are both young men who have finished the work of the station school and Kimpese. Both have assisted for a year in the station school and J. N. has also assisted for a year in the Kimpese school. Since then they have been teaching in regional schools and have been doing a good work. The pay which comes entirely from the native church is small and the difficulties are many and great. Jealousy on the part of native pastors and other teachers and a resulting lack of appreciation and co-operation have added to their difficulties and troubles. Near the end of the school year it again became evident that they were trying to assure themselves that the right thing for them to do was to drop church and school work. They went so far as to announce to both missionaries and the native church that they had arrived at this decision and were putting it into effect at the end of the school year. Unlike some others they did not take other work before coming before the native church in its annual "kintwadi" meeting. This gave an opportunity for frank discussion which resulted in a better understanding of the entire situation and the difficulties

pertaining thereto. Difficulties and grievances were recognized, some of which brought forth apologies and requests for forgiveness. In the end both men who had announced publicly and emphatically that they would not remain in the work any longer announced that they had decided to remain in the work. Both are in charge of large schools and are doing a good work.

P.B. is another young man who has recently won a victory in his life. Last year he assisted in the work of the station school. This year he was released to the native church for such work as they might have to give him. It is not easy to leave a station job where, comparatively speaking, pay is good and certain and take a job with the native church where pay is much less and more uncertain. P.B. staggered at the proposition and for a time refused to take any such work. However, he finally agreed to take the work of a small regional school for less than half the pay which he received in the work of the station school. Like many others he could have gone to a work which would have given him three or four times the pay which he was receiving in the work of the station school and that was more than twice the pay which he is now receiving in the work of the regional school.

These young men are passing through trying times in their own lives and so far have come out victorious. They are not the only ones, although many have fallen by the wayside. If it is true, as is sometimes said, that one diamond indicates diamondiferous soil there is ground for hope in young men like these. They have a capacity for sacrifice and for service. Christ in them is the hope of glory. Our task as missionairies is not so much to get more men or money, but to get better men who will have so much of the spirit and love of Christ in their lives that the best

there is in them will respond to the best there is. "Not so much more of us as a better brand of us," said Henry Drummond. In our churches and schools and in all our work this is true. What must I do?

J.E.Geil

A CHRISTIAN HOME

Can a man really be a Christian if his home is not Christ-ruled? How many of the homes of our Congo Christians are thus ruled? Not very many, we must admit, though happily there are some, shining as beacons in the darkness.

A Congo household (you cannot really call it a "home") is usually ruled by the husband. His wife is his servant, someone to grow and cook his food, carry his water, rear his children, and, in general, do his pleasure. To be sure, there is nothing surprising in this. Has it not always been so in primitive society? Is it not still true in varying degrees even in some homes of our "civilized world"? On the other hand, is it not Christianity that has changed this condition in many lands, at the same time raising the status of woman so that she may be a partner in the home, not merely a servant?

Christianity in Congo is only 60 years old, in contrast to the 1900 years in our "Christian" world. So we cannot expect too much, of course. But what we should expect is that the leaven of Christianity begin to work and that a man who has accepted Christ as Lord and Saviour, acknowledge Him as his ruler in all things, including his home life. That the Congo Christian has begun to realize this is shown by one of the resolutions passed in the native conference of our mission at Leopoldville in 1937:

"We must eat together at the table — the husband and

wife and children. In this way we can teach the word of God to our children and to others too." What a revolutionnary recommendation this is, only those who have worked among primitive peoples can appreciate. A woman sit at the table and eat with her husband! Why, she just couldn't! Even if her husband be "modern" enough to desire this, she would be overwhelmed with shame and embarassment! Her husband may eat at the table, and his friends, but, a woman — never! She eats afterwards, with the children, all sitting conveniently close on the floor, around the common pot. "That is our custom." Thus every argument is closed.

But the wiser folk realize that customs *have* changed — scores of them with the impact of the white man's civilization and the coming of Christianity. Though we lament the continuance of heathen customs, there are many, many of them that have been transformed. And best of all, the light of Christianity is always shining, and that can bring hope and cheer even to those still following their heathen customs. There *is* a better way! Still, custom is hard to break and none more so than that made of habits of daily living. And so, fundamentally, Congo home life continues, for the most part, little changed.

"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done..." ...in my home as in Heaven — is, however, what we should mean when we repeat the Lord's prayer. Do we honestly mean that when we pray? Such is the challenge we have recently put up to our students and their wives in the medical training school of our mission at Sona Bata. "A home should be an example of the kingdom of God on earth." Thus decided a group of Christians studying this problem in China. "Does the kingdom of God exist in your home? Does Christ rule — or do you, the husband?" And again: "If you young men and your wives who are here on a mission

station, in a Christian community, under the continuous influence of Christian teaching for four or five years, cannot bring the kingdom of God to exist in some measure in your homes, who in this country can?" "No one!" they are forced to reply, at first reluctantly, then gradually with increased conviction as they face the challenge and finally decide to do something about it.

One evening six of the native staff and elder students with their wives, all of whom had made some attempts along these lines, met in our home and began to discuss this question. For some months in my Sunday School class with the wives I had been trying to help them see that Christ could help them make their homes really Christian, discussing one custom after the other. Whenever I suggested that they talk it over with their husbands, almost all of them replied that they just couldn't! Meanwhile my husband had, at different times, discussed the matter with the husbands. All agreed to the desirability of the Christian ideal, but they would conclude, "our wives could never change their customs", some adding that they had tried to have their wives eat at the table with them, but that the women refused. So it was decided in this initial meeting, first of all, that whatever discussion should take place must be in the presence of both husbands and wives together. When? In their midweek prayer-meetings, it was agreed, when each of the two "villages" of students has its own little gathering.

A rough outline of what a Christian home should be like was then drawn up to guide our discussions and phrased something like this:

I. KEY VERSES:

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done" in my home as it is in heaven." This means that we must break some customs and be different.

"Come out from them and be separate." II Cor. 6:17

"Each one of you must love his wife as he loves himself." Eph. 6:33. (The Kikongo translation makes the action reciprocal.) Difficult? Impossible?

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and *Take up his cross daily*, and follow me." Luke 9:23

"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Phil. 4:13

II. A CHRISTIAN HOME:

1. Jesus and His love rule in our home. Our first thought is to do what Jesus wants and to help others know Him. We try not to think of ourselves first, nor to allow wrong thoughts to come into our minds. We try not to do anything that is not loving.
2. We both work hard — the wife at home and in her garden, the husband at his work and, when he is able, helping his wife.
3. Our house and surroundings are always clean and we ourselves bathe every day.
4. We are very happy in our home. We love one another. We have family prayers every day when we try to listen, in silent prayer as well, to find out what God's will is for us, not our own desire.
5. Weeat together at the table: husband, wife, children and "ndesi" (child helper, a relative). We first wash our hands, then at table ask the Lord's blessing on our food.
6. We teach our children the Christian way to live, including how to pray, to be obedient and helpful.
7. We keep the Sabbath holy.
8. We take our offerings to Church every Sunday.
9. We try to love everybody, even those who dislike us.
10. We do not covet anything that belongs to anyone else.
11. We do not lie.
12. We do not take the name of God in vain,

13. We do not believe in fetishes.
14. We do not speak evil, nor gossip, nor reply to anyone in anger.

Imperfect and incomplete as this outline is, it does present ideals that we all may well aspire to, and with it as a basis we have started off, each week's discussion being followed up with the women in their Sunday School class and on Sunday evenings with both husbands and wives together, the two groups alone with their native staff and leaders. The last part of each meeting is devoted to earnest prayer by individuals, petitioning God to help them bring these things about in their homes. First, the woman must surrender her "nsoni" (shame, embarrassment), and the husband his domination, they all agree. Second, they must have family prayers and eat together. Since the majority of them did not do this, the suggestion was made that they "break the ice" by having their Sunday dinner together first. Because of the students' heavy class and work schedule, with evening study hour at 7:30, the week day meals are often hurried. They therefore approved this suggestion and the majority seem to be following it, while some are extending it to other meals as well.

The interest and response seem to be genuine. They seem to recognize the fact that we are trying to help them in a very real and personal way, not just by general precepts. All have shown a fine spirit of co-operation and willingness to try God's Way in the home. I try to do as much "personal" follow-up work with the wives as possible. Most of them I know pretty well, having been associated with them for two, three and four years. Some of them will open up and talk with me, and I know that more than a few homes, chiefly through the introduction of family prayers, plus, of course, a willingess to seek

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

KIMPESE TO MOANZA BY TRUCK

(This is a story for some of you older children. Yvonne, who is about 12 years old, and who lives in Congo with her mother and daddy and three sisters, tells you all about a long trip they took. Ed.)

We left Kimpese the morning of June 20th with sad hearts. We girls think of Kimpese as our Congo home We also had to leave some of our pets behind, which was a great sorrow to us. We were leaving a good home to live in the bush.

The first day we had a pleasant mid-morning stop at Thysville at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Casebow. I did not know Thysville, or any place in Africa, could be so damp and cool. Leaving Kimpese the sun was shining, but as we were nearing Thysville we could see a heavy mist enveloping the Thysville hills. Gradually as the road mounted higher and higher, our truck crept under the blanket of the Thysville fog. While we were having tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Casebow the mist lifted and the sun began shining.

Mr. Casebow took us up to Belge, that part of town where the Congo natives live. There the B.M.S. have a lovely site for church and school. We found Mr. Austin busy building and Mrs. Austin busy teaching. Their building plan for the school rooms around a court we found very good. We would have liked to stay longer.

Our next stop was Inkisi for gas. It was just 12 o'clock but we wanted to eat our lunch out under some trees so we asked the truck driver to continue. We drove on thru the big Kisantu Catholic station until finally our

road led thru a forest where we stopped for lunch.

In the afternoon we drove on thru cattle country. This part of the country is comparatively free from the tsetse fly and that is the reason the Kisantu Catholic station can have herds of cattle. Many of the villages in this section belong to the Sona Bata field. In one of these villages we stopped to greet a Kimpese family. They had just returned from Kimpese the preceding week. They wanted us to stay in their village over night, but we were not tired yet. We wanted to get on with our travelling. They gave us a basket of oranges, and we were on our way.

The first night we set up camp in one of the Sona Bata outposts. We set up our beds in the church. It was a brick building with an iron roof. Flowers and trees were planted out in rows on the church grounds. It was one of the nicest Congo native churches we have ever seen. After supper we enjoyed an evening worship service with the people of the village, although our beds were all set up in front. (The only floor space that was cemented was up in front.) In the morning, while we were preparing breakfast, the people again came in for service.

We broke up camp quickly and were off on the second day of our journey. We passed thru several big Catholic stations which are very different from Protestant stations. The Catholic mission stations look more like our big state institutions at home. The Catholic missions have a big building for the sisters, a big building for the priests, and many other big buildings for school, dormitories for girls and boys, plus a big cathedral, while our Protestant missions stations resemble more a little country town. We have a home for each family of missionaries plus a church, school, and hospital, as well as smaller houses for natives on the station.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we heard a car

honking behind us. We looked and saw someone smiling at us from behind the wind shield. We thought we were so far away from civilization by now that no one would know us out here. The car passed us and stopped. Then we saw Dr. Osterholm from Vanga, who was on his way home from Leopoldville, step out of the car. He came back and talked awhile and then he went on to the Foreami post where we had decided to set up camp for the night. This Foreami post is just outside of Popokabaka. The chief of this village told us that not very far from there Dr. Leslie had once planned to start a station. The Foreami infirmier was a Bas-Congo boy. There were crowds at this post seeking medical aid.

That afternoon we had passed a big Catholic station named Kimvula. The station was located in the midst of gorgeous mountain scenery. One sugar-topped mountain was all covered with forest except the very top which was green with grass. On the very tip of the mountain the Catholics had planted a cross.

Caryol, my youngest sister, had heard us say that the people we were to work among used very few clothes. We had only travelled a day and a half when we began seeing village people dressed very scantily. Hence Caryol turned to me and said, "Yvonne, I think we are nearly there now because the people wear very little clothing."

I could write about the many rivers we crossed on ferries, but we crossed them all without any excitement of any kind. The ferry at Popokabaka is unusually big since it takes across big 3-4 ton trucks loaded with fiber. Before arriving at Popokabaka we were continually meeting these heavily loaded trucks on the winding road in, among and around the beautiful, wooded, Popokabaka hills.

Entering Popokabaka we saw several big signs advertising Thys hotel and we said, "Aren't we lucky? There

is a hotel at Popokabaka in case we should have to stay over night." Here our first truck left us and we were to wait for another truck to take us on to Maza Manimba. We unloaded our things near the Thys hotel. Then we went to the hotel and we soon learned we couldn't expect much. The hotel was a big grass hut. It's dining and living room was a big open veranda. There we saw many boxes where hens and ducks were setting on eggs. We realized the hotel was built more to accomodate chickens and ducks than human passengers. The only thing modern was an Electro-lux ice box. Out under the palms we set up camp and waited for truck number two.

The truck from Nkengi arrived about 3 p.m. When we had loaded up and filled up with gas and water, it was already 4 o'clock. If we had known how far it was to Nkengi we would have been glad for the hospitality of the Thys hotel. We didn't have any car trouble. The only trouble was that it takes a big heavy truck 7 hours steady driving from Popokabaka to Nkengi. It took us 8 hours because we stopped in several villages to get water. As soon as we stopped we were surrounded by many villagers. Some of them had full calabashes of water for our thirsty truck.

There was no thought of stopping to eat. We ate a few sandwiches as the car was going. At one village the truck driver offered us black coffee which somehow tasted good. Two or three times our 2 pussy cats worked themselves out of their basket. Daddy's biggest difficulty, however, was holding back the trunks and cases. A space had been left for us girls and daddy up towards the front of the truck, but the loads worked themselves forward. Daddy braced himself against them and the cab or else there would not have been space enough for us girls. Once that night our truck nearly ran over a beautiful

antelope. It was blinded by the glare of the car lights.

Exactly at midnight we arrived at the Wamba river. It was too late to take the truck across, our driver decided. He honked for the ferrymen to row us across. On the other side we had only about half a mile to walk to get to the white man's house, but it seemed very much farther.

Mr. Lennex, who has a palm oil plantation and factory at Nkengi, received us very kindly. He roused his boys to prepare a midnight lunch and to prepare beds for us. Our own beds were left in the truck. Mr. Lennex had a hard time finding enough beds for us and bedding still worse. Finally he decided he would have to open a new bale of gunny sacks to spread on the beds for mattresses and a new bale of native blankets to cover us. He gave us sheets from his own home. By this time we were so tired we could have slept on straw. We slept well.

Next morning, our bed loads and food loads arrived and we set up housekeeping in a lovely auto tourist cabin for two days. We were even furnished with a boy who kept us with plenty of wood and water.

At Nkengi we met two Foreami doctors and their wives. One doctor was an Italian and the other was Polish. They had each a light truck in which they reached their many Foreami dispensaries.

From Nkengi we started out with loads securely tied and braced with poles to their end of the truck. We were to go as far as Mbamba that day, where it was planned that we should meet Mr. Atkins from Moanza. When we arrived at Mbamba about 5 p.m. Mr. Atkins was already there. Mbamba is one of thc Vanga church centers. A Kimpesi family is in charge of this outpost. We had been three years together at Kimpese. We were glad to see them and tieir work. They had quite a large regional school and a good co-operating spirit in their work.

We left some of our loads at Mbamba to be taken by carriers to Moanza, for the much smaller mission truck could not take us and all our loads too. The mission truck made good time. Mr. Atkins took us on a merry chase up, over and around the many Moanza hills.

Approaching the station from the higher hills we saw the Moanza mission station on a plateau jutting out over the Inzia valley full of forests, and above the trees were white fleecy clouds. From this point one sees the station surrounded by unusual beauty.

We had arrived at Moanza. We were welcomed by Mrs. Atkins and by crowds of the Moanza people. We were escorted to our five room grass and mud house. From the outside it looks very much like a straw stack due to the loose thick thatch roof, but it is cozy and comfortable on the inside. Moanza can now pride itself on having a residence, carpenter shop, hospital, and a kitchen unit for the W.A.B.F.M.S. house completed, and also church and school buildings under construction. This is not all Mr. Atkins has done. He has made both doors and windows for the buildings under construction at Vanga and Kikongo. When completed the Moanza station will have some of the nicest buildings in our mission. May God bless the work that is to be done within these buildings.

Yvonne Engwall

(Continued from page 19)

His guidance, have had the joy of finding Christ to be their real Helper, Friend and Lord in their homes.

May their number be multiplied many times over and may we as missionaries do all that we can to help our people seek to bring the kingdom of God into their homes, and so throughout the land of Congo.

Katherine S. Freas

IN MEMORIAM

CLARA HILL LESLIE

Treasured Memories of an Intimate Friend

I find it difficult to give adequate expression to my deep and affectionate regard for Mrs. Leslie, both as a tried and trusted friend and as an unusually conscientious and faithful missionary. I think it rare that two women know each other so intimately yet esteem one another so highly as we did.

Physically, Mrs. Leslie had great endurance. She was rarely ill and came of sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry as deeply religious as sturdy. She was very brave and courageous, ever ready to endure hardship for Jesus's sake. Her unshakable confidence that his second coming was imminent kept all her energies concentrated on the missionary task which he left to his church.

Dr. Leslie became more and more dependent upon her with each passing year. During the years when their six children were born and growing up her heart was torn between the childrens' need of mother love and care, and her husband's need of her. The children she reluctantly left to the care of others in the homeland and she herself stood steadfastly by her husband. It was not an easy choice but having made it she cheerfully endured and made the best of her choice. Dorothy, the second child, I took home when she was just over two years of age, when I went on furlo in 1901, and Don, the fourth, at the age of fourteen months, upon my second voyage home. I was the only woman on board the first voyage, save a very dirty old woman who acted as stewardess but was chiefly busy washing and ironing and mending for the men at a good price. She disapproved of Dorothy's feeding habits and whenever she could, during meal times, took her to the galley and stuffed her

with real food. Don was sent home at so young an age because the Leslies were to make a long difficult overland journey and break ground for a new station in Angola not far from Popokabaka, and it seemed best to send the child home by me rather than take him on so long and hazardous a journey with nothing of shelter or comfort at its end. I shall never forget the mother's agony as she thrust the boy into my arms and rushed back into the house, sobbing as though her heart would break at parting with him. He was just a baby.

In all their married life Dr. and Mrs. Leslie were never separated save for a year following the birth of their first child Richards, named for Henry Richards of Banza Manteke. In the summer of 1897 Doctor left her with Richards only two months old, to follow him out the following summer. It was then I first met Mrs. Leslie, on board the old S.S."Majestic" as she sailed out of New York one June day in 1898. Neither of us had wanted friends or relatives to "see us off". She had left Richards at her mother's in Milton, Pa. and sped through the night to New York to catch the next morning's boat. I had taken the midnight express from Boston that same night. The Mission Rooms were then in Boston. Dr. Rhodes, District Secretary for New York, met us and put us on board. There were no preliminaries such as securing passports etc. in those days. One travelled freely round the world without passports or even clean bills of health and character such as are now in order.

We found ourselves congenial travel companions in the midst of a rather rowdy second cabin passenger list made up chiefly of Irish folk bound for a summer's holiday in the Emerald Isle. We were four in a small cabin, one of whom was the proud wife of a would-be comedian who every evening on a chair on top of the dining room

table sang over and over again songs which produced gales of merriment. The wife usually turned in about midnight, all the more talkative for several glasses of wine or something stronger, and talked and talked to our other cabin mate, a young Irish housemaid bound for Ireland, where she hoped to persuade her parents to move to America, "the land flowing with milk and honey."

We spent ten nights at the Foreign Mission Club in London, where I first met Church of England missionaries of a rather different temperament and habit from any missionaries who up to that time had been met. It was a broadening experience, to say the least, and not quite comfortable, as they quite frankly considered us queer American nonconformists with puritanical notions. We spent all our days shopping and sightseeing, and every day lunched on strawberries — and such huge, sweet, luscious strawberries as they were! Knowing we should not see strawberries for a long time we began our lunch and continued it and ended it on strawberries, much to the astonishment of the waitresses. Six berries with hulls attached with a bit of sugar on the side was a serving. Well, by the time we had ordered four or five such servings each, it was no wonder that the waitresses thought what queer freaks Americans are! Just fancy calling for five servings of dessert and nothing else! I've never eaten strawberries like those since.

The morning we sailed, all Antwerp and half of Brussels seemed on the deck of the little old S.S."Leopoldville", or on the quay with brass bands playing martial airs. The companion ways were jammed with wives and children seeing their men folk off for the African dependency, of which Belgians were so proud in those days. This colony was then the Congo Independent State. As the warning "All's going ashore be gone" sounded, men fell on one another's shirt fronts and unabashed wept tears. I had never seen such

public display of tears. In those days many who came to Congo never returned to Belgium.

Our only call was at Sierra Leone, where we took on "crew boys" to discharge our cargo and load at Boma and Matadi. They lived, ate and slept on deck and we spent many hours watching them. The Mohammedan group were very scrupulous about prayers and ablutions. The Christian group sang Moody and Sankey songs in funny pidgin-English at morning and evening prayers. The pagan group, like the white folk up top-side, didn't bother about prayers. We were the only women aboard, and the only missionaries, so we conducted our own devotions in our cabin.

Arriving in the river, seventeen days out of Antwerp, we sat on a sandbank near Boma for five days. At Banana an English woman, wife of head of an English Trading Company, had come aboard and when her husband came down with a rowboat to take her off she invited Mrs. Leslie and myself to be her guests until such time as the steamer could reach Boma. We gladly accepted and there I ate my first palmchop without pepper and thought it altogether unedible.

At Matadi we finally arrived to find Dr. Leslie impatiently awaiting us. He had been there a week. Had left Mrs. Richards hardly out of danger following a septicemia infection and was most anxious to be back at Banza Manteke. He hurried us up the old Palabala hill trail where we spent the first night with Mr. Harvey and his bride of a month, and the following night we reached Banza Manteke footsore and weary, shortly before midnight, to find Mrs. Richards quite out of danger.

I owe very much to Dr. and Mrs. Leslie for their patient and tireless care of me during my first eighteen months, much of which time I was down with severe headaches and malarial fevers severe in type. They proved to be

real friends in a time of need and I have always felt that but for their help and care my Congo years would have been few.

What happy days Mrs. Leslie and I spent together during my first two terms at Banza Manteke! I boarded with them. We made layettes together. Prepared our school work together, in fact did pretty nearly everything outside the medical work together. Dorothy, William and Don scarcely knew the difference between their mother and me, for which reason it was much easier for me to take Dorothy and Don home than otherwise. Yes, the Leslies happily launched me on my Congo voyage and I can never be grateful enough to them for all they did for me and were to me.

The term of service spent in the Kwango area was a hard and difficult one for Mrs. Leslie. Theo was born during its first year and shared their primitive way of life without hurt to himself. The mission decided to abandon the Portuguese station and establish one on the Kwilu River. Dr Leslie with his usual optimism piled all their household and personal belongings on a raft and attempted to stear it down the turbulent Kwango River. When it capsized and everything went to the bottom, Mrs. Leslie bore up with her usual philosophical manner, though she did "fuss" now and again over the loss of all her silver and china.

Her happiest years were spent at Vanga on the Kwilu, where for a number of years they lived in an adobe house but scantily furnished. Without the children she threw herself wholeheartedly into the new work, working frequently with the school boys out in gardens, teaching the women and girls, always at her husband's beck and call. How she did enjoy later on living in a frame house well screened and with a veranda looking out over the lovely

river view. She lived to see a fine work developed in the Vanga area and finally retired rich in memories of a Congo service more varied and fruitful than many of us have been permitted to experience.

The last few years she has enjoyed living in Florida where they bought a comfortable little cottage. Yearly she paid visits to her children's homes. All but one are happily married. All honor and revere their splendid mother and have grown up to call her blessed. Her last year of severe invalidism she spent in California with Elizabeth and Theo near at hand. Her letters to me are very dear. She could not write them herself but dictated them to her nurse. One came every few months.

They are united again and I just sort of wonder what Mrs. Leslie is busying herself about without shirts to make and socks to mend and all sorts of other things to do for doctor, as was her wont all through the years of their life. Of one thing I feel certain, she is busy about her Lord's business in season or out of season — if there are seasons whither she has gone. "For they are now before the throne of God serving him within his temple."

Catharine Mabie

SAMUEL LUHONDA

Sunday, December 17, we laid to rest Samuel Luhonda, one of our faithful pastors and a pioneer in the Vanga work. He is, as far as I know, the first one among the older Vanga leaders to pass away. From the very beginning of the Vanga work Luhonda has been connected with it. When the work was opened up by Dr. and Mrs. Leslie in 1910 he was among the first group of "Mission Boys", and when school was started some time later he was in the first class. When he came to the mission he was a mere lad of ten years or so, and from that time on until

his death he served faithfully.

While attending school he also served — working as garden boy to Rev. and Mrs. Gilbert and later as cook to Dr. and Mrs. Leslie. Soon he surrendered his young life to Christ and then he was sent out to take the "Good News" to his own people in the villages. After having taught for several years he became a pastor. Soon he felt the need for further training and in 1929 he went to Kimpese where he might better prepare himself for this work. Having finished his course there he returned to Vanga and for several years was connected with the Boys' Boarding School. Here he helped prepare other young lads for the same work to which he had given his life. For the last couple of years he has served as pastor of the Vanga district, thus ministering to his own village as well as to others.

For a number of years Luhonda has worked against physical handicaps, but he has steadily and faithfully carried on, until even his valient spirit could no longer triumph over the weakness of the body. A pastor and a leader of his people has many things to bear from them. There is seldom a time when he can rest. And when he comes to die the same is true. Many come in sorrow and in sympathy to sit by until the end. Now at last he has entered into rest, sweet rest, in the presence of God.

On the day that he died crowds gathered at his home to weep and to wail. His poor widow was worn out with watching during days and nights of illness, but she tried her best to quiet them. Mama Hebe, matron of the Girls' School, came to her aid. She told me about it. She said, "You are not showing true sorrow by making a lot of noise. Tata Luhonda was not a heathen over whom you must wail. *He* was a man of God. It is better for you to follow what he taught in his life,

and thus honor God."

On Sunday morning Kapini preached a stirring sermon to a crowded house, using Matt. 5:4 as text. Then he went on to say that if we want to honor Luhonda we must honor the Lord he served, by accepting Him. The funeral was to be at 2 p.m. but by one o'clock it was impossible to hold back any longer the crowd that had assembled. Luhonda's relatives had strongly expressed the wish that he be buried in his native village, instead of at the mission. We were fearful lest heathen rites and ceremonies would be carried out. But on learning that Luhonda himself had wished it so, we could not do otherwise than consent. Because of this strong feeling and because of the large number of non-Christians present we feared that it would be a noisy funeral. The pastors and teachers from the village work, who were present, together with the local staff of workers, both black and white, worked hard and prayed much that it would be a quiet, reverent time, and that all would receive help and blessing. At least a thousand people were crowded into the church and a large number were outside. That sinister undercurrent of feeling that we had sensed gave way to an atmosphere in which we felt the presence of God. It was really a victory to His glory. Dr. Osterholm gave a very fine message from II Cor. 5. At the close of the service the whole assembled crowd followed their pastor and leader to his last resting place at Kimbulu. There again words of consolation were spoken and all were urged to accept Him whom their pastor had so long proclaimed.

All glory to God for this life and for many others, saved through God's gift of salvation through Christ.

Alice Jorgenson

Fear death? 'Tis just a door, an entrance way
From earth to Heaven, from night to day.

STATION NEWS

KIMPESE

The first term of the school year 1939-40 closed with a week's examinations just before Christmas, and a week's holiday following in which to grade papers as well as celebrate Christmas and New Year's Day. On the whole we were very well pleased with results of exams. Warnings had to be given quite a few students for all that. They are very uneven in ability to grasp and retain lectures. The women students are even more uneven and a lot of new babies have come along to further hinder their educational progress.

We greatly missed the Reynolds congenial company at Christmas time as they spent the holiday week at San Salvador and Quibokolo. However, all the Banza Manteke staff answered an S.O.S. from Kimpese and came up in the truck Saturday afternoon and spent the Christmas week-end with us, and we had a very nice week-end together. All the Stenstroms remained at home for the holidays so we were quite a Christmas party.

At four a.m. Christmas morning the church was filled to overflowing for the candle light worship service, a Swedish innovation which the natives very much appreciate. Not only our own 600 but many from the towns round about began coming in about one o'clock and sat chatting outside about the church. I plainly heard the tinkle of the bell as the host was elevated in the Christmas mass across the way. The Catholics followed this with a long service during which there was a good deal of singing, so Christmas began at midnight for me.

At eight-thirty next morning the pageant was presented to a large and appreciative audience out of doors, with the church entry as stage. The angel song and chorus from the water tower with the shepherds' scene was particularly effective.

The Universal Week of Prayer we observed by lengthening the usual morning chapel service, each of the staff taking the suggested topic for the day for consideration and prayer morning by morning. Most of us associated several students in these services. We trust a sense of the wider world fellowship of the Christian church became keener therefore in the minds of some of the student body.

Recently Mr. Ohrneman told them something of the fellowship he had experienced in Singapore and Madras while on his way to and while attending the recent meetings of the International Missionary Council Conference.

The women took part in a program especially arranged for them for the Womens' Annual Day of Prayer on February ninth. Three women told of Philip's, Peter's and Paul's early enthusiasm and missionary journeys and of the beginnings of the Christian church activities, after which prayers for the women in war-torn countries and elsewhere all round the world were engaged in. We had as guests that week-end Mrs. MacDiarmid, Miss Satterberg and Dr. Witt who joined with us in this prayer service.

Recent welcome guests here have been Mrs. Freas, Dr. and Mrs. Saxton and baby Ian, Mrs. Davidson from Upoto Mr. Ohrneman and our good friends the Morrishes, whom we expect to welcome back as colleagues for the last year of their term, during the period of the Reynolds furlough. The latch string is always out at Kimpese and guests are frequently welcomed. That's one of the compensations for living on the railway line mid-way between Matadi and Leopoldville.

Only three months for actual classroom work remain before final examinations and the end of another school year and so much yet to accomplish! "Time marches on" truly with ever quickening pace and I am frequently reminded that marching days for me at Kimpese will soon be over.

Catharine Mabie

LEOPOLDVILLE

Easter dawn found us at the baptismal waters again. A good day was climaxed by the pageant which initiated the use of the complete court yard. The acoustics were surprising, whereas the enormous stage permitted a good deal of realism.

Early in February Mr. and Mrs. Watkins started out to take Dr. Witt by car to Moanza. They stopped over at Kikongo and there a dog bit Mr. Watkins and Mrs. Armstrong. Fearing hydrophobia the Watkins and Armstrongs hurried to Leopoldville for treatment. Those bitten recovered without any complications and the Watkins have now gone to take the Armstrongs back to Kikongo, Dr. Witt in the meantime having gone by carriers on to Moanza. However, the Watkins hope also to go on to Moanza, to visit the new station.

MOANZA

During the past year we occupied our new hospital of four buildings opening onto a court yard. No words can express the joy and satisfaction we experience each day. Light, airy and practical is only a partial description. God wonderfully blessed our work in the old mud and thatched buildings. Already we are conscious of better results and are trusting for a great future.

A swimming bath for the kiddies, made of cement

and supplied with water from the roof, is a source of great pleasure to us. It serves two purposes, one for play and the other for cleanliness.

The Baby Clinic has grown in numbers all through the year. Aside from being weighed, charted, examined and given necessary medication each one receives a sliver of soap, chiefly to encourage cleanliness and regular attendance. At stated periods gifts of clothing have been given from our White Cross supply and much appreciated. One little baby of 2½ lbs was carried here from a village six miles away. Each week it has grained a little and now has doubled its weight. It is a great object lesson to all the mothers. Each clinic is preceeded by a few songs and a message full of exhortations about the better way of living. There are many ways of sowing the seed, and we hope that the seed sown in this way will bring forth fruit.

The Prenatal Clinic is a new phase of the work and exceedingly popular, perhaps because of the new maternity ward, but we think particularly because of the privacy it affords. Normal cases are now the rule rather than the exception. Recently twins arrived under unusually abnormal conditions. Such cases strengthen the faith and reliance of many and add considerable fame to our reputation. People come from far and near, some carried as far as 50 miles in an improvised kipoy.

One of our young men who has been at Sona Bata for several years has returned, claiming not only a diploma from the Medical School but one from the State as well. We are hoping that he will be able to carry part of the burden of the growing work, as well as help in the training of nurses.

Pray for us always. Recently we have had some very serious cases. But we try to meet each emergency, sometimes in the role of a surgeon, often that of an obste-

trician and continually as general practitioner, praying that "His strength will be sufficient," and He never fails.

Gwladys R. Atkins

TONDO

We have had several letters from the Metzgers. They ask to be remembered to all their Congo friends. They are living at 114 South Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill. and at the time they wrote Mr. Metzger was acting as interim pastor, along with Dr. Mantley of Northern Seminary, of their own home church in Chicago. But Mr. Metzger adds: "I hope to be released shortly for I prefer speaking in the churches and there is a chance that we may be sent back to Congo. Mrs. Metzger is some better." Their son Roland was chosen to represent Northern Seminary at a consultative conference on the world mission of Christianity held at the University of Toronto during the Christmas holidays. He hopes some day to come to Congo.

Dr. A. J. B. Russell from Scotland and the Baptist Missionary Society of England has joined the staff, as an associate member of the Society, to take care of the medical work. His fiancé, Dr. Ruth Conway, expects to join him before long. Dr Witt has gone to Moanza.

VANGA

Saturday, December 16, we had all that could be asked for in one day. A baby was born to Dr. and Mrs. Smith; Dr. Osterholm married Mr. and Mrs. Creppe, a Belgian couple; Mrs. Osterholm served wedding cake to the wedding party. And then a very sad happening, one of our older pastors, Samuel Luhonda, died. We deeply regret the passing of this faithful pastor.

The medical department has been doing a rushing business as usual. Operations, babies and worm cases out-

number all other cases. During the year there have been 400 operations and more than one baby for each day of the year. Six obstetrical patients in one night is the largest record.

Evangelistic work is going forward. Most of the pastors are faithful and are doing their best, but they find plenty of problems for Mr. Robbins to settle. Christmas week-end he went to one of the posts. The pastor and regional school teachers had prepared a Christmas pageant, Mr. Robbins thought it quite original. Between scenes they had a witch doctor make a disturbance in the crowd and then two of the boys taking the parts of village teachers went to him and told him of Christ. When they had finished talking the witch doctor came forward and gave his testimony for Christ.

School is going along quite normally except for the problem of food. Since we were not able to buy salt to give as rations to the boys, we have been trying to buy food from the villages. This has proved very much more expensive and takes a great deal of time.

In November our station welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Zook of the U. T. M. The first of December we were happy to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Smith, also of the U. T. M. As he was kind enough to bring along his dental equipment we were glad to make use of his service. Several people have come to Vanga to take advantage of this opportunity for dental work, among them have been Mr. Atkins of Moanza and Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong of Kikongo. Mr. Atkins brought with him the three Engwall girls, who were returning from school, also their father. With all these visitors we have been having a grand Christmas season. Now we are ready to settle down to reports, pastors' conference and school plans.

E.M. Shepard

NEW TYPE FOR OLD

This number of the CONGO NEWS LETTER is the first publication printed from TIMES NEW ROMAN type cast here in Congo. Behind its appearance lies a story.

When Isabel and I visited the American Presbyterian Mission at Luebo, just a year ago, we were much impressed by the excellent printing plant the mission had built up there, and especially by the newly installed MONOTYPE casting machine for making type.

One of the perennial problems which mission printers face is the very high cost of type imported from abroad; and the fact that worn type is constantly accumulating, which is not worth as much as old metal as it would cost to send it home for re-casting. Consequently the presses limp along, often with barely enough type to print a few pages at a time, and that so badly worn that creditable printing soon becomes impossible.

To meet this difficulty the Manager of the Luebo Press had finally gathered sufficient funds to secure a first-class casting machine, which, at the time of our visit, was busily melting-down the accumulations of old type and turning out sharp and shining new letters at the rate of sixty or more per minute. Mr. Longenecker expressed his willingness to cast type for other mission presses at rates about half the delivered cost of American type, and to take old type at the value of the metal in part exchange.

One difficulty appeared: the type-face in use on the machine had been selected for dictionary work, and was not well adapted for the general line of school books and other publications our presses need; the print was too fine. It would evidently be necessary to provide a new set of matrices to make the Luebo facilities fully useful.

So we approached the A.B.F.M.S. Reference Committee

with the suggestion that the needed matrices be bought, to be paid for gradually from the savings in the cost of type. This was approved, and almost immediately two other mission presses offered to share in the purchase, thereby increasing the range of characters with a reduced investment for each.

A careful study of the MONOTYPE Specimen Book was then made to determine which of the hundreds of faces available would be most satisfactory. Many points had to be considered — the similarity of the new face to those in use, the size of the letters in relation to the body-size of the type, the avoidance of hair-lines that quickly wear out, the "style" and legibility of each character, and the range of accented letters available. An intricate five-sided correspondence on these questions took place between the Monotype Company and Mr. Ennals (of the Yakusu Press) in England, Mr. Stilz at Wembo Nyama, Mr. Longenecker at Luebo, and ourselves at Leo. Agreement was finally reached on "TIMES NEW ROMAN", a face especially designed for the London TIMES after much study of the question of legibility. There is an Italic and Bold Face to match.

The set of characters includes only one size, but within that limitation it is as complete as possible, with a view to providing for all probable needs in book and periodical printing. There are in all nearly 450 characters, including seven alphabets, fifteen accented characters for each, punctuation, references, figures and arithmetical signs, and a few special phonetic characters used in some Congo languages. We hope that much of the dead metal now cluttering Congo print-shops will soon pass through the melting-pot into fresh usefulness in proclaiming in many tongues the glad news of our Father's love.

George W. Carpenter

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Miss Lena Youngsman

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson

KIMPESE

Dr. C.L. Mabie
Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue

LEOPOLDVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins
Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Dr. Dorothea Witt

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev.and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson

TONDO

Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)

VANGA

Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins

SPECIAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. T.E. Bubeck
Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey
Miss Grace Cooper